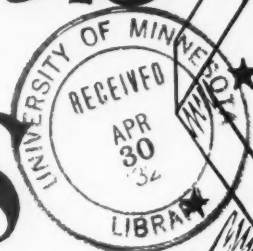


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THE BELL OF ATRI

Abraham Krasker, Director of Visual Education in the Public Schools of
Quincy, Mass., writes (March 30, 1932):—

"We have had the pleasure of using your film, 'The Bell of Atri,' in several
of our schools and find it very worth while, and I shall be very glad to recommend
this film for purchase by our School Department in our next order."

During March and April, 1932, more schools exhibited this film, more times,
than ever before. If you were among the disappointed, write for an early date
in May or June.

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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Vol. 65

May, 1932

No. 5

For economy's sake we are omitting, temporarily at least, the color from the cover of our magazine.

If reports are true, whatever Mussolini is doing for the people of Italy he is on the side of the protection of animals from cruelty. We never saw animals more humanely slaughtered for food than some three years ago in the municipal abattoir at Rome.

One hundred and eighty-six billion dollars between the firing of the first shot of the World War and the signing of peace—this the cost according to the statement made in Congress by the Hon. Burton L. French. Of course hard times. We reap what we sow.

Three hundred and forty college presidents, deans, professors and other educators have signed a petition asking our legislators to take the War Department out of the field of education. Military training in our college and schools is un-American and is becoming increasingly unpopular.

Film trailers, to be attached to regular films, containing, with an attractive picture, the words "This is National Be Kind to Animals Week, Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," we were able to have shown in most of the moving picture houses of the State.

The Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League of England is having much the same trouble humane societies in this country are having in preventing the cruel use of animals in the filming of moving pictures. In some cases the government censor has prohibited the exhibition of such films.

The heath hen of Martha's Vineyard, the last of its line, reported last year as having finally disappeared, was seen again February 9 and 13 this year. The day must come, unless the necessary protection is given, when many other forms of our wild life will disappear before the steady march of the hunters.

A Reproach to New England

THE traffic in new-born calves is among the barbarisms still perpetuated in New England. Disgraceful as this traffic is throughout the whole land, our Eastern states should long ago have recognized its cruelty and abandoned it.

The simple facts are that certain cattle dealers traverse with trucks the dairy sections of New England, mostly in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, picking up little baby calves, many just born, many less than a day old, others only from 24 to 48 hours old. These are brought to some central railroad loading station, thrown into freight cars and shipped, chiefly into Boston or vicinity. Hundreds of these arrive too weak to get on their feet and have to be destroyed by our men before they are taken out of their car. Hundreds, too, annually are dead in the car upon arrival.

What can we do? If these calves arrive within the 36-hour limit from another state, nothing. If the time exceeds 36 hours the Federal Government, this being interstate shipment, can and will act upon evidence. Seldom is the time limit exceeded. We can and do compel the shippers to see that the cars are decently bedded at the point of shipment. We have no authority outside of Massachusetts. It is wholly up to Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire to stop this dealing in these poor helpless new-born creatures. Of course the dairy farmer wants milk, the sooner the calf is taken away after birth the better for him financially.

What becomes of these calves dead, or in dying condition, when reaching Boston? The dead are at least supposed to go to the rendering plant, those humanely destroyed by our men, since they have had no ante-mortem inspection, are taken by small dealers where they have local inspection, often a mere farce, and then sold for food. Such is the cheap veal that the poor and ignorant generally buy.

For years we have fought this wretched business. The worst of it has long ago been stopped. Nothing but public opinion will ever secure legislation to end it. Hundreds of thousands of these sad little victims are trafficked in all over the United States.

When to Count the Chickens

ALL our readers know the answer. A Around a year ago two or three humane societies and several other organizations were told that a very rich New York woman by the name of Wendel had left millions to be divided among them. Our Society was included in the number. We had had too much experience to count the chickens upon the newspaper notices or even the executors' letters. Think of it! This good woman thought she was the last leaf upon the Wendel tree. What a mistake she made. Over 1,600 dear and mournful relatives have put in appearance through their lawyers claiming kinship. We doubt if the humane societies get a dollar from the estate of the good Miss Wendel. Many of the wills reported in the newspapers as containing generous bequests to us are either contested and broken, or the estate has so depreciated, that we get nothing. At present this is happening frequently.

The Massachusetts Anti-Steel Trap Law

It is too soon to tell what the legislative committee will do with the Bill which would render our Anti-Steel Trap law worthless—a law won by an overwhelming referendum majority vote. It is hardly conceivable that a committee would recommend to the Legislature, or the Legislature approve, a measure against which stood a great popular vote of the Commonwealth. The proponents of the bill against our law came almost entirely from a small group of farmers and trappers from a single section of the state. More farmers, however, appeared for our side than for the other side.

Later—Legislative committee has reported, "Leave to withdraw." So our law stands as determined by popular vote.

No question is more engaging the humane societies of Europe at the moment than the humane slaughtering of food animals. With this problem the leading abattoirs of this country are seriously at work. Of this we are confident from the constant correspondence that passes between them and us.

Collars and Cuffs

Collar and cuffs of fur—
I never had fur before—
This; that once another
Confidently wore

When he crept beneath the ground
Warm and wise
And in the comfort of his coat
Closed his eyes;

Slept with all this softness round him,
Woke again to go
Into the cold, unshivering,
Sweetly clad, through snow.

O how shall I forget?
How can I bear to trim
My big coat with the little coat
That belonged to him?

ROBERTA TEALA SWARTZ

An Open Letter from Minnie Maddern Fiske

To the Children of the Country—Her
Last Message

My dear Young Friends:

MY last and one of my most important deeds as I conclude my professional tour is to address this letter to you which I wish you to read and re-read until you fully grasp the request which I am making of you.

I don't think that I would feel sufficiently encouraged to make this request if I didn't know something of the humane training you have had through the various organizations which have succeeded in impressing upon you the necessity for practicing kindness to animals.

You have been taught to understand and to love animals, recognizing your duties to them therefore, because they are so much like yourselves—suffering just as you can suffer, and enjoying their brief lives—if you make this possible.

I wish to direct this appeal against the cruelties to animals as practised in the rodeos throughout our beautiful country. It has been my aim to witness many rodeos in order that I might fully understand every detail of them. I have seen them for this purpose since I was a child, and as a result of the barbarism which I have repeatedly seen, I would be an unpatriotic American not to raise my voice in protest against the continuance of such spectacles in the name of fair play and clean sport.

It is my understanding that in communities junior groups are being formed to perpetuate into the future, when you are grown men and women, this barbarous "sport."

I know that you all want to be real Americans. What does it mean to be a "Real American?" It means above all else not to stoop to cowardice, or meanness, or unfairness, does it not?

If you are guilty of such traits of character you are not a real American and cannot be until you have conquered them, and when you are asked to enjoy rodeos, as I have seen them conducted, you are asked to enjoy what is cowardly, mean and unfair.

When you see a horse lying on the ground with blood streaming from his mouth, and



MASS MEETING IN VIENNA, AUSTRIA, IN BEHALF OF HUMANE
SLAUGHTERING OF ANIMALS

every nerve in his body trembling with pain and terror and when you see steers bent and twisted until their horns snap and they run bellowing with agony around the ring, you are witnessing a violation of law which should not be countenanced in any community.

Do you realize that when horses run madly from the chutes with heels high in the air and eyes bulging, there is a strap around the most sensitive nerve in their bodies which is torturing them to a frenzy? And what do you think of people who find this funny or amusing?

And now, my dear young friends, comes my request to you. It is this: Not to enjoy such sights, not to like to see creatures who cannot speak for themselves, put to hideous suffering for the joy of an unperceptive crowd, and not to join any club, association or society which asks you to keep alive "the spirit of the West" by commercialized cruelty as in rodeos.

These do not at all represent the spirit of the West. The spirit that built the West was magnificently courageous and the spirit that you are being asked to promote through relentlessly cruel treatment of animals in rodeos is stupid, mean, cowardly and contemptible. This could not endure but for the gate receipts argument.

I have confidence that what you have learned in your humane lessons in school will open your eyes to the very sad cruelty of the rodeos.

Real Americans are kind men and women. Abraham Lincoln stooped to save from suffering a tiny sparrow.

Refuse to see the beauty of your country blackened with the hideous cruelty of a thoroughly un-American sport.

Yours sincerely,

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

Register your disapproval of performing
animals by joining the Jack London Club.

A Great Meeting in Vienna

WE reproduce this picture from the March number of the *Animal's Friend* of Vienna as an illustration of the deep interest felt in that beautiful city in the welfare of animals, particularly in regard to the humane slaughtering of animals. It is from a photograph taken at an extraordinary meeting held in the hall of the Baker's Association, or Union, in January last to protest against the slaughtering of animals without their first being stunned, and against the continued delay in enacting proper laws for the protection of animals.

"The hall was filled to capacity and the expression on the faces of the many persons present showed the accumulated indignation within the group of the friends of animals because our magistrates treat all questions of the protection of animals with irritating indifference. The resolution adopted just at the close of the meeting gave clear expression to this indignation."

An Engineer's Humaneness

The following account, which appeared as a special dispatch to the *New York Times*, seemed so unusual that we wrote to the Logansport Humane Society and verified it. The article is dated Logansport, Ind., Feb. 19:—

A. W. Paxson, engineer of a Pennsylvania Railroad train, gazed out of his cab as he whizzed past Bunker Hill today and noticed an old hound dog entangled in the barbed wire of a fence and howling piteously.

The more he thought about the plight of the animal the more he sympathized. Surrendering his locomotive here to another engineer, Paxson hired an automobile and hurried back thirty miles to Bunker Hill, located the fence and quickly released the dog.

Franciscan Lines

KATHLEEN LEE

As I walked down a quiet road
A barrow passed me, with a load
Of logs. The hawker on the top
Flogged his ass, and would not stop,
Nor was there any person nigh
To heed my angry, pitying cry. . . .

And then beside the way I stood,
Clad in a robe as red as blood,
A flail of lightning in my hand
To sweep the wicked from the land.
Fat stupid men on donkey carts
Were made to suffer all the smarts
They had inflicted, while their cries
Rebounded from the brazen skies.
The carter with uplifted whip
Was on a sudden caused to slip
From his high perch, and made to run
Uphill, beneath a blazing sun,
Pulling a weight, while blows descended
Upon his straining shoulders bended.
Oh, what a change was swiftly seen
Where such strange happenings had
been! . . .

The vision passed and left me there,
Filled with an impotent despair,
And on the air the frightened beat
Of hoofs far down an empty street.

Useless Slaughter

GENEVRA COWAN

It is always interesting to learn what finally converts a man to determine, "I'm not going to shoot again."

Mr. Harry G. Pollay, now a botanist and nature lover living in Pasadena, California, was at one time a more or less ardent huntsman.

"No amount of argument could have made me desist," he declares. "It took a bird to turn the trick. One day while hunting, I brought down a mourning dove. When I reached the spot where the bird had fallen, the mate had already preceded me to its side. The actions of the gentle little survivor were heart-rending. I was amazed at her fearlessness for she even forgot her innate timidity despite my approach. Her loyalty and devotion to her slain mate was the most beautiful example I have ever witnessed. I was ashamed when I realized that I was the instrument that had caused her anguish. How could one call such slaughter sport? My gun had spit fire for the last time."

The annual convention of the American Humane Association will be held in San Francisco, Cal., the week of Oct. 17, 1932.

The Stately Wapiti

W. J. BANKS



starting out in the life of conquest and family headship. Then, two powerful monarchs of the high forests will come together in savage combat, the mighty antlers crashing together, each striving for an opportunity to batter or tear the other, until one is forced to give way and take off to recover or perish from his hurts. To the victor go the spoils.

Though not as large as the tremendous moose, greatest of all the deer family, the American elk or wapiti is indeed a noble animal, more shapely and stately in lines and carriage than the moose, and almost as mighty a warrior. A very large bull elk may reach a weight of a thousand pounds or more, though the average is nearer to six hundred. Though the wapiti bathes freely in summer, seeking relief from maddening insects, and the bulls especially make free use of mud wallows, they are essentially dry land animals, avoiding the low swampy ground so dear to the heart of the moose. In summer the bulls will go to the crest of the Continental Divide, 10,000 feet or so above sea level.

At one time the wapiti ranged over three-fourths of the United States and a goodly portion of Canada; today his range is not five per cent of its original extent, and he is almost entirely confined to the protected areas of government parks. It is likely that ten millions of the "great stagges" (as an early description called them) once roamed the continent; today their numbers may not exceed 25,000. Thus the wapiti has preceded all the deer, even the moose, to complete surrender before the inroads of civilization. Perhaps this is due to his size and the tempting trophy he presents to the huntsman, perhaps to his fatal curiosity and lack of caution which made him an easy prey as compared with his cousins of other deer tribes.

The wapiti browse freely as well as graze, though in captivity they will do well on a less diversified diet. Since they breed readily in confinement as well as in the freedom of the national parks, there is little danger that the species will die out entirely so long as anyone is interested in preserving it. In his ruthless slaughter of North American fauna man has a good deal to answer for; luckily, in most cases, it is not too late to make partial amends by saving the remnants of the noblest species, and even encouraging a partial recovery of their numbers in necessarily restricted areas.



Mad Dog

R. P. HARTWELL

WE have two valuable bird dogs, but the pet of the family is a pedigree-less fox terrier who eats anything from satin evening slippers to table-legs.

Last quail season, this no-account but so lovable little fellow and I were alone in our Ozark cabin. He had been playing outside all morning, frolicking about, happy to be away from the cramped running space our city home gave to him.

A sharp yelp brought me to the doorway. He was lying on the ground, kicking and howling. White foam came from his mouth. On seeing me, he got to his feet and began barking, as though I were a stranger. His eyes were wild and staring.

I immediately thought "mad dog," and it is needless to say that I was thoroughly frightened, although I had picked up a stick capable of warding him off and my stout walking boots and heavy corduroy knickers were good protection.

He circled me, running like a demented thing. Gradually he widened his circle, foam boiling from his mouth, snapping and growling, he went around and around.

The terrifying thought of the little district school located a mile down the highway sent me dashing to the automobile for my husband's revolver. Only you, who own a dog, can know how I felt as I stood there, ready, as I thought, to put an end to his suffering which, I believed, could only end in death.

At last, he'dropped to the ground, completely exhausted. I put on a pair of heavy gloves and carried him to the machine and locked the doors. He slept soundly for hours and when I gave him his dinner and a pan of water, he ate heartily and felt so good afterward that he chewed off the cover and devoured four pages of "Russia During the Czar's Reign" that I had left in the car. Then to remove the unsavory taste, he ate the half-dozen artificial roses from the flower vase and again went to sleep.

This happened four months ago, and he has never had another attack. And our little skippy-dog is in perfect health, so says the veterinarian, laying the blame to "indigestion" or just plain "tummy-ache."

So, please, don't be too quick to shoot your dog when he shows signs of "madness." Put him somewhere, in order that he can harm no one if his case should be the much feared rabies and wait.

I shall always be glad that my "trigger finger" refused to answer my command—although he *did* pull the table-cloth off the dining-room table this morning and he *did* bury the new tan glove for my left hand in the window-box, nonchalantly casting to the floor my prized right-hand gauntlet after chewing off the thumb, and it was his tallowy soup bone that I found under the pillow of the new taffeta bed set that I won at the bridge party last week—and he has been most mysteriously quiet for the past few moments—I wonder if I put that new book on the book-case—or did I leave it on the couch—?

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers a reward of \$20 for evidence which will convict for the criminal offense of abandoning a cat, in this State.

A Child of Freedom in Shackles

WALTER A. DYER

AS we drew up to a roadside filling station for gas we noticed four or five persons, children and adults, gathered about a post on the top of which was a little platform. On the platform, secured by a collar and chain, crouched an animal which one of the adults was poking with a stick, much to the delight of the children.

The animal, out there in the glaring sunshine, was clothed in a coat of long, coarse hair of a yellowish, dusky gray. Its little feet were black. It had a bushy tail noticeably marked with black and white rings. Its snout was pointed and there was an irregular black band across the eyes that looked like a domino mask or wide goggles.

The animal was a native raccoon and was the fourth we had seen that day. Two had been chained and two confined in narrow cages. They were intended to attract attention and trade, and very likely achieved that purpose to a small degree. To what base use are God's creatures lent! Filling stations, as lurid blemishes on our gracious New England scenery, are bad enough, but they are considered necessary. Hot-dog stands are worse, though even they may be justified on utilitarian grounds. But one would be hard put to it for a fair excuse for exposing a chained or caged raccoon to the gaze of heedless motorists.

As my tank was being filled I looked at the animal on the post and at the animals on the ground, and I was less aware of anger than of a sense of humiliation and despair at this evidence of the very short distance my fellow men have traveled along the road of cultivation and humanity.

The raccoon is one of the commonest and most interesting of our eastern wild animals. Though hunted and harried by men and dogs, it has survived, and here in Massachusetts the tribe is even said to be on the increase. That we do not more often see them is due largely to their nocturnal habits and to their liking for hard-wood forests and swamps. They are clumsy but shy and not as often in evidence as the woodchuck or the skunk. In my part of the country coon hunts are often organized on moonlight nights in the autumn and

seldom fail to produce results, and when steel-traps were lawful, raccoons were not infrequently caught in them.

I am a coon hunter myself, but of a different sort. Thus far I have not been successful. I have been hopefully on the lookout for sixteen years, but I have never yet caught sight of a raccoon on my farm. They are too wary for me, but I shall go on hunting.

I am sure they live on my farm even though I never see them. I have the right kind of country—marshy thickets and woods in which there are hollow wild apple trees and the trunks of dead chestnuts. Coon tracks have been discovered hereabouts, but I must confess that I am not enough of a naturalist myself to be sure of the difference between the track of a raccoon and that of a woodchuck or a skunk. The raccoon, like the bear, is a plantigrade; that is, he walks on the whole sole of his foot and not on his toes like a cat or a dog. His footprint is long and narrow with a distinct heel mark. Nor have I ever, to my knowledge, heard the whimpering night call of the coon.

The raccoon makes his home in a hollow tree or in some rocky cavern. He is a night prowler and a tree climber and he is not averse to swimming. In thick woods he travels along the branches, and when on the ground he likes to run along fallen logs and beaten paths. In summer he likes to spend the hours of daylight sleeping on a high branch, safely hidden from human eyes. I wonder how often I have passed beneath him. When you hear the blue jays screaming and scolding in the woods, they have quite likely discovered a sleeping raccoon in one of their favorite trees.

He is omnivorous. There are counts against him on that score. He likes growing corn and is said to rob the nests of birds and squirrels and is even an occasional chicken thief. But his favorite foods are nuts, wild cherries, wild grapes, berries, bugs, and reptiles. He probably does as much good as harm. He is even said to catch fish, though he is not as skillful a fisherman as the mink or the otter.

The young, three to six in a litter, are born in April or May and are blind and helpless at first like kittens. They remain with their parents throughout the first year. The raccoon, like the skunk, is a partial hibernator. When cold weather comes the families curl up together in their dens and do not show much activity until the January thaws. From then until spring they venture forth from time to time in mild weather in search of food.

When I do discover my raccoon neighbor I very much want to catch him at his characteristic occupation of washing his food. The raccoon will not willingly eat meat until he has taken it in both forepaws and soured it up and down in water. Raccoons in captivity will do this if given a chance, and it must be one of their great trials to be obliged to eat unwashed meat.



RACCOON IN TREE NEAR POULTRY YARD

Photographed by flashlight at night

This and other quaint habits make the raccoon an amusing pet, and I understand that it is not very difficult to tame one. He is cleanly and even fastidious, playful, and provided with abundant curiosity. His teeth and claws are no more dangerous than those of a domestic cat. I can see no objection to bringing up a young one as a pet, provided he is given a reasonable amount of liberty and is not subjected to teasing or hardship, but a caged or chained raccoon is another matter.

I like to think of the coon as a wild, free creature, fulfilling his appointed mission in preserving the balance of nature. I wish there were a law in every state forbidding the captivity of wild creatures, and that such a law could be strictly enforced. Moral suasion is slow and ineffectual where the possibility of gain is involved. I sometimes think that the only effective method of impressing these captors with a sense of wrong-doing would be for a wrathful Jehovah to write upon a menacing thundercloud with letters of fire:

"Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me."

William Henry Ferber, humane agent of Fond du Lac County Humane Society, Wisconsin, addressing a banquet of the local Izaak Walton League recently, said: "Unless the League and the Humane Society co-operate for real conservation and protection of animal life, it will be difficult for our raccoon-coated men of today to tell their grandsons and great-grandsons just what a raccoon looked like, just as it is now impossible to tell our children what a mastodon looked like."

An Animated Caricature is the Barn Owl

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

YOU may think that you have discovered a rare bird whenever you have captured a barn owl alive. When you look him squarely in the face, you will probably pull your hair twice to prove to your own satisfaction that you are wide awake instead of dreaming.

When you have satisfied your inquisitive and doubtful mind of this bird's reality, then you will think that you have found a genuine caricature,—the work of some well-known cartoonist!

The barn owl is one of the most peculiar looking birds that fly at night. His head outlines a large letter V, and his wings so fit his back that they look like a shingled roof and he as if he had backed up under it to escape being drenched.

Enough people have made his acquaintance to agree to call him the monkey-faced owl. Birds of his kind are numerous indeed and enjoy a wide range of territory, but persons who pass through his haunts after night in automobiles are unlikely to meet him. Like other owls, his soft feathers enable him to move noiselessly about when in flight. Usually birds that venture out on murderous expeditions after dark are careful not to make any noise and they utter few words. The barn owl's language consists of a few creaking sounds, some hisses and a thrilling scream. When he seeks a bird that is roosting in a tree, he may have knowledge that the small bird



THE FUNNY-FACED BARN OWL

is there, but the foliage conceals the hunted bird from view.

The average bird has been taught not to make a noise after it goes to bed. It seems to know instinctively, even though the parents may have failed to discipline it, that sounds will betray its whereabouts. So it finds it best to keep its mouth shut, unless it is a songster and feels as happy as does the mockingbird on a moonlight night!

A short time after midnight, I lay in a tent on Raccoon Mountain and listened to an owl in a tree directly over my head. There was a smaller bird also roosting in the same tree. The owl knew the bird was there, but the foliage concealed its body. The owl lit on a limb and at intervals uttered one of his cries that begets fear and trembling among the smaller birds. When he had moved slowly along the limb, as if feeling his way, he continued to utter his cries in a low but fearful tone. Soon the small bird screamed wildly. This was the owl's objective, for the rest of the program was easy. Its soft feathers did not betray its secrets of flight.

The principal business of the barn owl is not that of catching birds, but rats and mice about the barn. His record is worthy of posting in any public place. At the roosting-place of some barn owls, 675 pellets were examined which disclosed a total of 1,587 small mammals that included 1,119 skull bones of meadow mice, 452 house mice, and 134 common rats. This record proved his great value to humanity. In his work he goes quietly about, not advertising himself in any way save by deeds.

The drum is the mightiest of instruments. Samson slew the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass; and great generals have slain their own army, and the army of the Philistines, with the tightly stretched skin of an ass. The ass has taken his revenge on mankind.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

An Efficient Bird-Carpenter

GENEVRA A. COWAN

THE desert or Gila woodpecker is a remarkable example of adaptation. Since trees are scarce in desert areas of the Southwest, the woodpecker makes his home in the giant or Sahuaro cacti growths. Almost every such plant is plentifully perforated by woodpeckers' round holes.

Unmindful of the cactus juice that be-smears his feathers as he works, the woodpecker labors persistently and, when he has finished, the dried juice efficiently seals the interior of his home. Even after the cactus has toppled over from age or disease (and by the way, this penetration into the pulp often results in fungi attacks upon the cactus), the deserted nests of the woodpeckers may still be discovered intact.

When a whim prompts the Gila woodpecker to vacate his home, the little elf owl, also a desert dweller and no larger than an English sparrow, proves a ready tenant. So, in the abandoned holes of the woodpecker, he takes up his abode. He chooses the hole that is highest above the ground, obviously because it is safest, and forthwith lives an exemplary owl existence. He is nocturnal in habit and seldom preys upon other birds or animals. His diet consists mainly of ants, beetles and grasshoppers.



WOODPECKERS' HOLES IN SAHUARO CACTUS

In his book, "Seeing England," E. M. Newman, the well-known travel lecturer, speaks of All Souls College, Oxford, founded in 1415. He says that in that year a horse purchased for the warden cost about \$15, and that a bill for a pig and a capon was twenty-four cents.

Our Dumb Animals A Famous Chancellor and His Dogs

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1932

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Think of What It Means— Our Poster Contest

FROM the schools of Massachusetts last year there came to us nearly 6,000 posters in the contest for our medals. These were sent us out of some 70,000 as those most worthy to enter the contest. This year the number promises to be as large, if not larger. Each one of these posters is an effort on the part of the pupil to express in such artistic shape as he or she can the claim of animal life upon us for justice and compassion!

Now when one thinks that each child represents a home in which a father and mother, and probably one or more brothers and sisters, become interested in this special work of a member of the family, all having their attention called to the subject of man's relation and obligation to the animal world, who shall begin to measure the value of this far-reaching influence.

Besides this, nearly every newspaper in the Commonwealth tells of the contest, and then later reports the names of the pupils in its locality who have won the medals or the honorable mention.

Still again, these medals are presented to the winners before the assembly of the students in each school and so the entire school becomes by so much acquainted with the Society's work.

Once more the winning posters are placed on exhibition at the Boston Public Library for several days and are viewed by a multitude of people.

Still again, hundreds of these posters that may not have won special recognition but have actual merit by reason of their attractiveness and the lesson they teach, are sent to schools all over the country and into states where no such contest has ever been held.

These are some of the things our poster contest means.

Under the heading, "News of 25 Years Ago," the *Palo Alto Times* carries this item: "The bird and Arbor Day bill passed both houses of the legislature (California). The measure was framed by Mrs. Alice Park of Palo Alto. It provided two-fold observance of one day each year in the interest of birds and trees." Mrs. Park conducts our Western Humane Press Bureau.

IN the autobiography of Prince von Bulow, the distinguished German Chancellor, we read:—

Since the beginning of my married happiness I have always been surrounded with dogs. In Petersburg it was little "Erda" whom we had to bury in the Mocho Waja, where she slept while the Russia of the Czars was transformed into the Russia of the Soviets. "Waldi I" accompanied us to Bucharest, and then to Rome where he found his resting-place in the gardens of the Palazzo Caffarelli, the home, for so many years, of Prussian and German ambassadors, but which we were to lose in the World War. In the garden of the Imperial Chancellery we buried the intelligent "Frough" at the side of Prince Radziwill's greyhounds and Prince Bismarck's huge "Tyra." "Erdmann" lies in peace in the garden of the Villa Malta, near the palm tree planted by Goethe.—Erdmann, who in Norderny and Berlin so often bit our visitors' legs or at least tore holes in their trousers. And now to keep me company I have "Waldi II," who for ten long years has still remained the true and faithful friend of a Chancellor retired from office. For all my dogs I keep a tiny, but abiding, corner in my heart.

The Horse as Tempter

"I am 78," said Peter Zimmerman to Judge Harry White of Greensburg, Pa., "40 of these 78 years I have spent in prison for stealing horses. Put me behind the bars, your Honor, I can't help it. It's in my blood. I haven't much longer to live and in prison I won't be tempted any more." Every real lover of a horse will feel a touch of sympathy for Peter Zimmerman when they hear him say at the close of his plea to be sentenced for the rest of his days, "I love horses, and I cannot pass a field in which a good horse is at pasture without a great struggle. I never stole a horse from a widow or from a man poorer than I. I never whipped a horse in all my life."

Banded Birds

A purple finch, banded at Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1924, has returned yearly for seven years. It has become so tame that upon its return it has come to the window of the lady who put the little band upon its leg seven years before and has perched upon her finger. The catching and banding of birds does not seem to deter them from returning to their seasonal haunts. This is what the Massachusetts Audubon Society's *Bulletin* tells us. It further tells us that seven birds have been known by the bands attached to their legs to have made solo flights across the Atlantic ocean since 1911. The longest flight was that of an Arctic tern banded July 22, 1927, in Labrador and picked up near La Rochelle, France, October 1, the same year. Another tern banded July 3, 1913, was discovered dead, in West Africa in August, 1913. This was the longest flight in so short a time on record.

A Remarkable Story

IN *American Forests* we find the following from the pen of Jack Miner who has done such almost unbelievable things in attracting wild fowl to his Canadian Sanctuary:

Fifteen years ago the beautiful white whistling swans were reduced to hundreds and were in danger of becoming extinct. The proper protective measures were taken and today there are more than 20,000 whistlers on the continent. Four years ago I visited Niagara Falls and found that these birds were being caught by the hundreds in death traps. It seems that on the water of Lake Erie, fifteen miles above the falls, the swans go for their first northern migration, and it is here that they were trapped.

I discussed this deplorable practice with William Hill, better known as "Red" Hill, a riverman. He informed me that geese and ducks undoubtedly would have fallen prey to the traps had not my sanctuary up in Canada lured them away.

"I haven't seen a wild goose around here since you began drawing them to your ponds," he said.

"Then why can't I attract the swan away from the traps, Red?" I asked. "I've got several pair of swans to serve as decoys."

That was the beginning. Last summer more than 4,000 of these beautiful birds spent from a month to six weeks along the lake shore at Kingsville, where the Government furnishes Royal Canadian Mounted Police to protect them both night and day.

Beaumarchais' Little Dog

This year marks the 200th anniversary of a celebrated Frenchman, Beaumarchais. He was a wit as well as a man intimate with kings and courts. He had a little dog named "Follette." On her collar he had engraved these words: "I am Mademoiselle Follette. Beaumarchais belongs to me. We live on the Boulevard."

America owed much to this distinguished Frenchman and to her shame failed to appreciate his interest in its welfare, and after years of solicitation paid back to his estate but a fraction of the money he expended in its behalf.

Four Hundred Years Ago

A lover of animals wrote recently to the *Christian Science Monitor* quoting Lord Montaigne (1533-1592) as follows:

On Hunting

For my own part, I cannot without grief see so much as an innocent beast pursued and killed that has no defense, and from which we have received no offense at all; and that which frequently happens, that the stag we hunt, finding himself weak and out of breath, and seeing no other remedy surrenders himself to us who pursue him, imploring mercy by his tears.

This has ever been to me a very unpleasant sight; I may not be laughed at for the sympathy I have with animals. The same master has lodged us together in this palace for his service, and they, as well as we, are of his family.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	14,195
Cases investigated.	645
Animals examined.	6,576
Number of prosecutions.	9
Number of convictions.	9
Horses taken from work.	70
Horses humanely put to sleep.	43
Small animals humanely put to sleep.	878
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.	50,840
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.	70

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Lida R. Woodward, West Springfield, Emily E. St. John of Cambridge, and William Appleton of Boston.

April 12, 1932.

Miss Maryott, school lecturer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., spent March on Cape Cod, visiting all the schools in Brewster, Dennis, Yarmouth, Provincetown, Truro, Wellfleet, Harwich, Orleans, Chatham, Eastham and Barnstable, where she reached 5,334 children and organized 150 Bands of Mercy.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	682	Cases	1,930
Dogs	471	Dogs	1,539
Cats	197	Cats	358
Horses	7	Birds	27
Birds	5	Horses	2
Goats	2	Cow	1
		Rabbit	1
		Rat	1
		Ferret	1
Operations	665		
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915			101,694
Dispensary Cases			217,752
Total			319,446

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in March

For cruelly driving a horse unfit for labor, a defendant was fined \$15; he appealed and the fine was sustained in Superior Court. He was committed to jail for non-payment of fine.

Working a horse which had gall sores on neck and shoulders, with no attempt to relieve same, fine \$10.

For cruelly abandoning cats an offender was convicted and fined \$20. He appealed. Failing to provide proper food and shelter for a mule, fine \$10, sentence suspended to May 1 and defendant put on probation till that date.

For placing poison with intent to kill quadrupeds, an offender was convicted and fined \$100, and costs of \$47.

Authorizing and permitting a horse to be subjected to unnecessary suffering, fine \$50. Defendant appealed, fine sustained in Superior Court and he was committed for non-payment.

For failure to provide proper food for a hog and chickens, defendant guilty, and fined \$10.

Knowingly and wilfully permitting a horse to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty, fine \$25 and given three months to pay.

Failing to provide proper food for his horse a defendant was sentenced to the House of Correction for two months, sentence suspended for one year.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Annual Hospitality Day

Women's Auxiliary Will Entertain at Angell Memorial, May 12

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will hold its annual Hospitality Day on Thursday, May 12, at the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. This is a gala occasion when the members and their guests enjoy bridge, afternoon tea, and an opportunity to patronize a food table for the benefit of the Angell Animal Hospital. Friends of the institution everywhere are invited. Those who wish to visit it will be guided about the building from 1 to 5 P.M.

One large room will be devoted to bridge, in charge of Mrs. E. P. Rich, assisted by Mrs. Grace Arnold, Mrs. Charles Stanwick, Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, Mrs. Bessie Henderson, Mrs. Ella Prescott and Mrs. John A. Dykeman. Mrs. W. J. McDonald will be chairman of the food table, and Miss Helen Potter of the afternoon tea. The general committee includes Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, chairman, Mrs. Hurlburt, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. A. J. Furbush, Miss Potter, Mrs. Dykeman and Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher.

The annual meeting of the Auxiliary will be held at the Perkins Institute, Watertown, Mrs. Blanche Bardin, Hostess, at 2 o'clock, Tuesday, May 17.

In Concord, N. H., Schools

SCHOOL pupils of Concord, N. H., were most happily favored during a week in March by the action of the Concord S. P. C. A., in engaging the services of Miss Louise H. Guyol, formerly a field lecturer of the American Humane Education Society.

Miss Guyol, who is the author of several books and the writer of many captivating animal stories, visited all the schools of the city, public, parochial and private, addressing the pupils of all grades from kindergarten to High School, upon the general theme of humane education, and organizing them into more than one hundred Bands of Mercy. She estimates that she was successful in reaching approximately 5,000 pupils and teachers in her week's itinerary. Her work will be supplemented by literature and subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, offered by the American Humane Education Society.

The school authorities of Concord and the S. P. C. A. are to be highly commended for co-operating in this fine humane educational feature.

Mr. Talbot's Talks in March

In thirteen school talks during March, Mr. L. Raymond Talbot spoke before 6,575 pupils, using lantern slides illustrating various animals and birds. The schools included Betsy B. Winslow and Clarence A. Cook, junior high grades, New Bedford; Milton High; Williams Junior High, Chelsea; Joseph H. Barnes, intermediate, East Boston, two assemblies; Huntington, Brockton; Marblehead High; Chatham High and Junior High; Rockport High; Roberts Junior High, Medford; Varnum Junior High, Lowell; and North Junior High, Waltham.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Field Lecturers in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott L. Raymond Talbot

Public Continues Approval

"Be Kind To Animals Week," April 18-23, is one of the annual "weeks" that has survived the test of time and maintained its hold on the public through the years. This, we take it, is because the public is fundamentally kind-hearted. Its sympathies are enlisted and it therefore gives approval and attention to this humanitarian work which has so long and ably been led by *Our Dumb Animals* of Boston, a publication that deserves applause and appreciation for what it has done and continues to do. We can recall no other agency that has exerted more educational influence along this line on young people in particular. It has consistently and intelligently taught the truth that consideration for animals, and of course children, and in fact all life that is defenseless, is an essential tribute of manliness and womanhood.

Now it has powerful auxiliaries in such organizations as the Boy and Girl Scouts who are exemplifying the splendid traits of kindness, mercy and helpfulness. So observance of this period has become national in scope and important in the affairs of life.

—Bristol (Conn.) Press.

An S. P. C. A. in Fez, Morocco

WE quote from a letter which appeared a few weeks ago in the leading newspaper of Fez. Those interested in our Fondouk there will recognize its significance:

"There is in Casablanca a Society of kind people who have gathered together to protect the many poor animals there against the brutalities and caprices of their 'Superior Brothers.'

"Mc. Marzac, a lawyer, has become the president of this group and due to his initiative a great deal has already been done and far more will be accomplished, I am sure. I have asked myself why we in Fez do not form an identical society. There already is an American Society which in their Hospital takes care of all sick and wounded animals taken to them, free of any charges against their owners.

"Our colleagues of this city seem scarcely to be aware of this organization which already has rendered the most valuable services in this district by teaching a little humanity to those who martyrize the animals.

"Why do we not create a similar section in our city? I am sure that many compatriots will answer to this call! One would then be able to watch over the unnecessary brutalities towards the animals and avoid the repugnant scenes of every day, against which the police are helpless.

"We could establish a law with help of His Highness the Pacha and the Municipal Chief enabling us to force the Europeans as well as the Natives under penalty to take their sick or wounded animals to the American Fondouk or Hospital, where the services are free.

"We hope that our appeal will be listened to by those who are interested in this matter."

We devoutly hope this appeal will meet a ready response. Its author has been assured of the co-operation of the American Fondouk Committee.

What is a Fondouk?

Our readers, seeing each month a report of the work carried on by the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee at Fez, have undoubtedly wondered what a Fondouk is. A Fondouk is in reality an Arab Inn, the ground floor being a courtyard, sometimes open, sometimes covered, which is used for a stable, while above are rooms used for travelers. The word is commonly employed, however, to indicate the stable alone. The building and ground owned and operated by the American Committee, since it is primarily a hospital for horses, donkeys, mules, has naturally been known from the first as a Fondouk.

Mrs. Ryder Honored

We are just informed that a bust of Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, noted humane worker of Havana, Cuba, was unveiled on April 11, the anniversary of her death, in Maine Park. Other busts of Americans in this Havana park are those of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and of Gen. Leonard Wood.

February Report from Fez The Monthly Expense Account

29 Days	
Daily average, large animals	76.6
Forage for same	\$150.20
Daily average, dogs	10.2
Forage for same	7.00
Put to sleep	24
Cost	5.50
Transportation	7.85
Supt.'s salary	79.05
Wages	63.55
Inspector's wages	16.01
Veterinary's wages	15.70
Sec'y-Gen'l's salary	98.75
Motor allowance	9.88
Sundries	58.58
Total	\$512.10
Entries, 63: horses, 12; mules, 12; donkeys, 39.	
Exits, 48: horses, 3; mules, 9; donkeys, 36.	

Inspector's Report for February

For the month ending February 29, 1932, 158 visits were made to native Fondouks by the Superintendent or Secretary-General, accompanied by the Inspector.

In the course of these visits 1,413 animals were seen, of which 361 were treated on the spot for slight wounds, and 39 sent to the Fondouk American to be kept for treatment till cured.

During this same period the Inspector has collected 291 goads of different kinds, has lightened the burdens of numerous animals, and sent a number of sick and wounded animals for treatment here.

There is evidence that the use of goads is diminishing, and that the goads that are still used are employed with considerably less brutality.

Listen to a Yale Student

NO more thrilling address has been delivered before the Peace Conference at Geneva than that by James Frederick Green, Yale 1932. His plea for his generation, the generation that the next war, should it come, will force to commit virtual suicide, should be read around the world. We quote only a part of it:

The other speakers have much at stake; we have even more, for we are literally fighting for our lives. I stand before you as an attorney for the defense, pleading for a reprieve. It is my generation which will be called upon to surrender all we consider worth-while in life in order to become targets for machine-gun bullets and victims for the latest poisonous gas. It is the young men and women of my age who will be commanded to commit suicide. It is my generation which will be requested to destroy the best of human culture, perhaps civilization itself, for causes which future historians will discover to be erroneous, if not utterly stupid or actually vicious. We have thus lost interest in being prepared for cannon fodder.

In a sense, I am presenting an ultimatum, rather than a petition. For behind your deliberations stands staring down at us the spectre of Death. We desire to live and to live at peace. We desire to construct a world society providing freedom, equal opportunity, and a sense of security. We desire to make possible for every human being full development of personality in terms of the highest human and spiritual values we know.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

I Help to Mount a Butterfly

"See what I have," he called with pride;
And there before my eyes
Exhibited a jar that held
The prince of butterflies!

Such transient loveliness it was,
So delicate of bloom
It tore my heart to see it caged
Within a glassy room.

Wings that had soared were quiet now
Or tremulously stirred.
"Please let it go!" I cried . . . in vain.
He smiled at what he heard.

"What is it good for then?" he asked.
"One flash of wings . . . it dies."
"I'm saving it. I have a friend
"Collecting butterflies."

The sky was blue as only June
Can fashion. All the grass
Was vivid green. And roses bloomed
A sigh beyond the glass.

"If you are giving it away,"
I countered, sudden-wise,
"Give it to me! I have a friend
"Who does with butterflies

"Such things as you could scarce believe.
"O! give it to me, please."
The jar was mine . . . and as he left
I fell upon my knees

And offered up his own to one
Who pins His butterflies
To velvet moss or dewy rose,
And mounts them on the skies!

And then we smiled, my Friend and I.
With his protection
Had I not saved a butterfly
For God's collection?

BERTHA WILLIAMS in *Unity*



THOROUGHBREDS DO NOT ALWAYS LIVE A LIFE OF EASE

The accompanying picture shows six thoroughbred pointer puppies. I wonder how many of us ever stop to think of the hard life of a thoroughbred? His lot is no sinecure. Much is expected of him. He is a *thoroughbred*. He may not play about the streets or upon the grassy hillside like a common dog. He is a thoroughbred and he must always be on his good behavior. He

may become a prize-winner but always he must be a *thoroughbred* and not act like a common dog. He must submit to almost continuous grooming; to constant training which, to a dog, must become very tiresome indeed. Yes, and no doubt the poor fellow often wonders what it is all about, anyway.

These six puppies belong to A. Martin, of Butler, Pa.

GEORGE GRIFFIS

Sketches from Boyhood

JOHN D. SWAIN

I HAVE always been glad that my parents brought me up to treat animals with kindness. They showed me that there was a lot more fun in watching all sorts of birds and animals at work or play, rather than treating them with cruelty, which seems to be too common a trait among small boys.

I am in no sense a naturalist, and have little scientific knowledge of zoology, but I have closely studied the habits of small beasts in our clime, and derived much pleasure from them, and many of them seem to have realized my friendly feelings, and have reciprocated readily.

As a small boy I had the biggest dog I ever have seen. He made the dogs in the Uncle Tom shows look like poodles! I preserved his measurement. A full-blooded English mastiff, and never fat, he weighed 175 pounds, and measured six feet one inch from tip of tail to muzzle. I had an express wagon with shafts and whiffletree, and a regular harness made by the village harness maker. In those days there was no house delivery of mail. I used to hitch my mastiff up, drive a mile to the village, get the mail and do such errands as mother gave me, load the wagon, and drive home. In winters I used a sled, and often raced my dog against horses on the snow-covered roads. The dog enjoyed it as much as I, and we never had any accidents save that once or twice he saw a cat and tried to chase it over a stone wall. He never paid the slightest attention to other dogs when in harness, and would stand without hitching.

Tame foxes and crows have figured in my life, also horses, most of the domestic animals and some wild ones. For more than half a century phoebe birds have returned to nest in the same spot in the old house in which I was born; and I suppose

they still do so, though I haven't seen the place in some years. We used to have to clean out the old nests now and then so they could find room for new ones.

Contrary to the usual belief, cats taken to a new home seldom return. If kindly treated they usually remain with the family. But a friend recently told me that he took his cat to a new home four miles from the old one. The cat remained contentedly, until it was time to have her kittens; then she went back to the old place. Inasmuch as every cat learns every inch of its territory, every possible exit in case of danger, she had probably long ago picked out a place to rear her young ones. Every day she came back to be fed. And when the kittens were partly grown, though unable to walk, she brought each one in her mouth the entire four miles to the new home and proudly displayed them. When one considers the weight of a kitten, he realizes that her feat was akin to a man's traveling four miles with a fully packed suitcase in his mouth. There were highways to cross, stone walls and fences to leap over, dangers from dogs and small boys. But this mother cat managed the trips safely.

Cats will readily follow their owners for a long walk, as dogs do. I had three cats in New Hampshire who walked miles across country with us. If we stopped to call on a neighbor, the oldest cat would mount the window-sill, and when she thought we had called long enough, would keep tapping on the window until we came out to resume our walk. This same cat was very grouchy when her eldest daughter had her first litter of kittens; left the house and we had to take her meals to her outside the yard fence. I used to go to a neighbor about a mile distant to bring home the weekly wash; and always from some tree on the route the old cat would jump down onto my shoulder and ride to within fifty feet of the yard, whereupon she would get off and disappear. When the kittens were disposed of she returned home. This cat used to go up into the attic for an afternoon nap, and when ready to come downstairs knew how to open the door, which had an old-fashioned thumb latch. She would hang to the banister with one paw, and strike the thumb latch with the other till the door opened.

Another cat we owned learned to open our refrigerator in the same way. We kept her saucer of milk and dish of boiled fish in it. I never knew her to touch anything but her own food, nor to break a dish or spill more than a drop or two of milk; but as she left the refrigerator door open, I tightened the thumb catch so she could not open it. One day she brought in a younger, smaller cat. She must have in some way told this friend: "Come with me; I can give you something good to eat!" I watched them. The little cat sat beside her, looking up into her face wistfully, then at the refrigerator door. Meanwhile our cat was patiently patting the door catch, with no results. Finally with a real look of disgust on her face she stalked majestically away; but before she did so she fetched her little friend a wallop on the

ear. She evidently felt humiliated and grouchy!

I have spoken more of cats than of dogs, because I have owned more. I like dogs when there is plenty of yard room; but cats are more soothing to one who writes for his income. Dogs demand too much attention in the house, are too exuberant, and never can resist putting muddy paws on a clean pair of white flannel trousers. Were I to live on a large country estate I should wish to own a variety of animal pets, but as it is, a temporary resident in my present address, I have to be content with the birds and squirrels.

I can assure anyone who may read these notes, that a very great many hours can be passed pleasantly, watching the antics, the little ingenious stratagems, and the domestic life of the small wild or domestic life that remains to us after generations of persecution and hunting. To teach them silly, artificial tricks, is a waste of time. Their own natural games are much more amusing. Animals are not "dumb." We simply do not speak their languages. With study, one can learn the meaning of many of the things birds and animals say to one another.

Are Horses Vicious?

L. E. EUBANKS

AS a boy, I always accompanied father when he went to buy a horse, which he often did, trafficking in them a bit. On the occasion I have in mind we took along a man reputed to be a great authority.

Arriving, one of the first things this man said was: "That horse is vicious, he has too much white in his eyes." Examination, and a test by driving, pleased Dad very much, he liked the animal and would have promptly closed the deal, except for the "authority's" repeated warning about that white in the eyes.

Dad gave in at the time; but he kept thinking it over, and a week later made the purchase. And that was the best horse, in disposition as well as in other respects, that we ever owned. So much for that old fallacy, "white in the eye."

Very, very few horses are vicious, except when made so by cruelty or unwise handling. Among a bunch of broncos, you will always find that the "vicious" ones are those that have been most abused. Naturally, a horse fights when he is first ridden; he thinks he has to defend himself against an attack. The breaker then whips him, and the horse's fear is increased.

How can the horse understand what is expected of him? He fights because he is frightened, there's nothing else to do. The wise trainer knows that kindness shortens the period of fear; Milt Biggerstaff, one of the most successful horse breakers who ever lived, never struck a horse in his life!

Even after a horse is broken, there are so many causes for apparent viciousness. The harness, in particular, may be to blame—a blistering collar, a too tight belly-band, the detestable check-rein, or maddening blinders! The average man could not endure any of these curses without a show of viciousness; but he expects a dumb animal with but rudimentary reasoning power to stand any kind and degree of pain month after month with uncomplaining equanimity.



FÊTE DAY IN MOROCCO

A Horse's Diary

MARGUERITE WARREN BURRILL

MARCH 5. Went to the city this morning very early. Wore my new harness and I looked quite "Beau Brummellish" if I do say so myself. Waited around while the Skipper (pet name for my master) unloaded farm produce. The market-going horses are certainly intelligent. When the big trucks whiz by they swing their heads at just such an angle, and with amazing agility, thus avoiding collision with the vehicles.

Sometimes, seeming to realize they are not backed into proper position allowing for the clearance of passing trucks, they maneuver their heavy wagons into the proper place themselves! And they call us dumb animals!

March 15. That John Jones is probably the stupidest man I've ever known! This morning he borrowed me from the Skipper to do an errand in town. John is one of those jump-at-a-thunderclap kind of men. When I saw him getting ready to put blinders on me (I never wear the abominations!) I tried to explain that I wasn't a nervous horse by nature and that blinders would be superfluous, merely. It did no good, however, and on they went. It was like having the window-shutters half-closed. I could see straight ahead but neither to the right nor the left.

On the way home I blundered into an auto which fortunately was going at a slow speed-rate. Skinned my hocks, broke the front wheel of the wagon and spilled all the merchandise John had piled into the back of the wagon. You should have heard the smoking words the Skipper said when he saw the broken wagon and my hurt legs. He seriously considered blacking Mr. Jones' eyes but the Mistress wouldn't let him.

March 25. Escaped from the paddock this morning and went to visit old "Chub." He is twenty-two years old. He tried to rise to salute me when I touched his nose in greeting but he was too weak. He sometimes lies down and can't get up without the Skipper's help. And his teeth are so

worn and old that he cannot eat the proper food and so is pitifully thin. Oh, if only the kind owners of horses full of sympathy and love for their equine pets would put sentimentality aside, and as soon as life ceases to be worth living, with quick mercy-giving orders send their suffering steeds into the land of sunshine and perpetual clover-fields! It is really just as cruel to keep an aged, feeble horse chained to miserable existence as it is to dock a steed's tail, or cut it's tail-tendon or to tighten the checkrein!

March 30. I have just heard most startling news! The man next door went in town to buy a horse, and what do you think? He saw "Tessie," a favorite mare of his that he had sold because he needed the money about a year ago. She was hitched to a garbage wagon! Imagine! Proud Tessie of the arching neck and fine flashing eye doing that! "It's what happens to many of the poor creatures from hack to garbage wagon and then, the bone-yard!" said the Skipper, and added, "real lovers of horses make provision for their animals in their wills, stating that they must stay in the hands of the family. If the future of one's horses is a dubious one, better death, quick and painless, than the slow torture and degradation of the over-loaded wagon and the cruel master! Well, the Skipper was right, as usual."

Guess I'd better sign off now as I see the Skipper coming with my supper.

Dogs Rights Recognized

C. A. SCHEINERT

WHAT rights, if any, has a dog when it is on the city streets? The question has been answered by Municipal Judge Alfred E. Paonessa, of the Los Angeles traffic court.

In the days of the horse and buggy, and when the automobile was new, the dog in the street was a frequent sight accompanying his friend, the horse. But with the increase in automobiles, their greater speed, the dog's liberty became restricted, in many places by law. Today many of our dogs are as ignorant of the death-dealing potentialities of the automobile as are so many little children.

Today the "hit-and-run" driver is known as the one whose car strikes a pedestrian—and who puts on speed to get away, instead of stopping to render what assistance is possible. And we find Judge Paonessa recognizing the "hit-and-run" driver when "only a dog" is involved in the accident. William Winn, at the wheel of an automobile, struck and injured a dog—then kept on his way. He was pursued by two humane motorcycle officers, arrested and brought into court, where the judge in finding him indicated that automobile drivers who flee after running down a dog will receive like treatment.

Winn, in defending himself, held that the hit-and-run law which penalizes drivers severely did not apply to animals, but Judge Paonessa ruled that a dog is at least "property" and would receive the protection of his court.

A constant supply of clean, fresh water is necessary for all domestic animals at all seasons of the year.

Idaho Mourns Miss Irwin

THE MERIDIAN TIMES, John F. Baird
Editor and PublisherMeridian, Idaho
March 14, 1932Our Dumb Animals
Boston

We read *Our Dumb Animals* with interest and hope you will continue it to our editorial desk.

I wish to contribute a word of appreciation of the late Marie Irwin, who has led and encouraged the growth of humane sentiment favorable to dumb animals during the many years she has been in Idaho.

A wonderful woman, of talent, and whose heart went out in sympathy for all suffering. There is no record, except perhaps in Heaven, of the hundreds of cases of suffering of abandoned animals she has relieved, and the only time she gave publicity to this was when she advertised for a home for a dog or a cat, which she was sure would add to the enjoyment of some little boy or girl.

Others may take her place to a certain extent, but there should be a monument to the memory of Miss Irwin, the friend of those who could not speak for themselves.

JOHN F. BAIRD

Our Dumb Friends

ADDIE BOOM

HE was a quaint old farmer, with a spade in hand in the act of draining a tiny swamp on his small farm. Squarely in the path of the ditch was a reed thatched house of a mother muskrat and her family. At the first blow of the implement the rats scattered, diving into the icy water and mud beneath the house, after the manner of their kind.

After tearing away a piece of the cozy domicile the old man was called to his mid-day meal and upon returning found the thrifty little mother had come back and was hastily rebuilding her demolished dwelling.

Deliberately lighting his ancient pipe and quietly and thoughtfully watching her diligent labor, the farmer exclaimed, "Well, old lady, if you love your home as much as that you shall not be disturbed. A few feet this way or that makes little difference to me, but seems to mean much to you." And I thought to myself: "Your occupation may be lowly, and your garb and manner rough, but you are one of Nature's noblemen, after all."

Picturing the wild things, how often we see some of these free happy creatures confined in a cage, helpless, hopeless and intimidated. It is always a distressing sight to me.

We humans have a great duty and responsibility toward these dumb beasts, whose intelligence, integrity, and loyalty often surpass our own.

Do you know that the oldest highway in the world is the Appian Way, Rome, built by Julius Caesar and still in use?

And that the richest is Fifth Avenue in New York?

And that the dirtiest is said to be that of Tehangsti, Nanking, China, while the cleanest is the Via Castile in Seville, Spain?

And that the most aristocratic is Grosvenor Place in London? —Wellspring

The Pack Rat

ESTHER E. REEKS

THE word *rat* usually brings to mind the much-despised naked-tailed, brown rat, with its love for dark cellars and ill-smelling garbage cans. Yet this fellow, though he has made himself quite at home here, is an "undesirable alien," and not an "original American."

The real American rat is an entirely different species, known by the all-inclusive name of woodrat. He has little in common with his old-world cousin, and is, in fact, much more on the order of a squirrel, having a hairy tail, an attractive brown or grayish coat, and a love for the wild, open country.

Woodrats are found as far east as Pennsylvania, but are not numerous east of the Rocky Mountains, and it is in the West that they are best known. Here, they have earned for themselves such various cognomens as "trade rat," "mountain rat," "desert rat," "pack rat," and the like.

The mountain rat is larger and darker in color than the desert rat, the difference being an adaptation to environment; but both have the characteristic habit of "packing" and "trading," which has caused them to become objects of peculiar interest to all who know them.

As one goes about the mountains or crosses the western deserts, one's attention is frequently attracted by large piles of sticks, stones, bright objects, or trash of any sort. Such piles may be the nests or merely the strange hoards of these tireless little animals. For wherever they are found, they seem possessed with a desire to accumulate anything they can lay "hands" on, whether it is of any particular value to them or not.

Throughout the desert and mountain regions of many of our western states, these rats are so numerous that scarcely can a cabin be built before they take possession of it. If allowed to have their way, they will proceed to construct their day-time shelters under floors or in attics, from which they will sally forth at night to investigate and appropriate whatever supplies or objects the owner has left within their reach. Oftentimes, however, they appear to have a sense of honesty which

forbids their taking without giving in return, and the camper or prospector who finds his cupboard robbed by them of its provisions, will quite as likely find it stored with other articles of no possible use to him.

The flesh of a young woodrat is said by some to be as delicious as that of a rabbit; but it is seldom eaten in this country. In Mexico, however, woodrats are sold, usually alive, in the markets, and are considered quite a delicacy.

The Drinking Song

LUCILLE GILLESPIE

*Did you ever stop to think,
That your dog may want a drink,
Or do you go sublimely on your selfish way?*

*And when you stop to think, 'tis true,
Cats and birds might like one, too;
So why not make a drinking-place, this
very day?*

*Deaf and blind to simple thirst,
These faithful creatures perish first,
While a blind, unthinking world is blithe
and gay!*

*Is it such an arduous task,
This kindness that dumb creatures ask?
Or is it just plain thoughtlessness? We
cannot say!*

Horse-Sense

A subscriber for many years sends this incident from his own experience:

"Not long ago, I stood one sultry day at the corner opposite Madison Square Garden. A teamster was giving a drink to his dray-horse, from a pail of water, while he held in his hand a so-called 'schooner' of beer. I said to him, 'Why not give your horse a drink of beer?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'my horse would not drink it—he has too much sense—horse-sense!'"

Correct, in a Sense

We all realize what the youngster meant when he was asked what Australia was bounded by and answered, "Kangaroos."

—Boston Transcript



PACK RATS ABOUT THE ENTRANCE TO THEIR NEST AMONG THE ROCKS

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and thirty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported during March. Of these, 150 were in Massachusetts, 128 in Illinois, 122 in New Hampshire, 118 in South Carolina, 116 in Rhode Island, 90 in Georgia, 77 in Maine, 47 in Virginia, 46 in Pennsylvania, 17 in Texas, 14 in Tennessee, three in Missouri, and one each in Alabama, Canada and Nebraska.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 186,996

Value of Poster Contest

THOUSANDS of posters, illustrating kindness to animals, were made by school children in Massachusetts this season in the competition sponsored by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. An illustration of the good results of this work is shown in the following letter, received from an art supervisor on Cape Cod:

We received the S. P. C. A. circular regarding interesting the children in the S. P. C. A. and arousing their interest by having them make animal posters and send them in to the contest, just as we were doing our animal studies, so we carried the posters along with the regular work. The children were very enthusiastic about the idea of entering their posters and were more than willing to spend extra time on them.

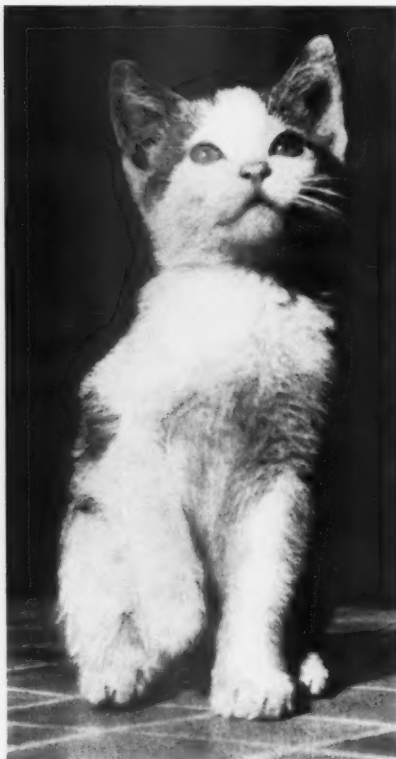
It was a good problem all the way round as it applied to their lettering lessons also.

The majority of the pupils did not even know what the initials S. P. C. A. stood for and were most interested in learning about the Society. It has increased their interest in caring for animals, and they have told me many entertaining stories since the posters were started. One was told by one of the boys in sixth grade in the West Barnstable School. There is quite a settlement of Finns in this section and this boy is a Finn. He said that one cold morning last winter a young doe came into their yard, evidently driven there by thirst, as everything was frozen. He raced in the house to get water for her but she had fled when he returned, much to his sorrow.

I had difficulty in selecting the posters as the occult side of this episode, if several sent in.

JANET C. JONES,
Art Supervisor of Grades I—VI
Town of Barnstable

A large group of children from the Temple Israel Religious School, Boston, visited the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital one morning recently and were very favorably impressed by the work being done. We invite similar groups to visit the Hospital any Saturday forenoon.



"LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN"

Lines to a Cat

EVA SMITH TURNER

Why do I give her house, this green-eyed thing,

First cousin to the cunning wild-eyed lynx,

This moody creature, sullen as the sphinx
Or playful with a simple ball of string?

Perchance nine lives ago she lived as queen
Afar in Egypt's ever-changing sands,
Those furry paws were once bejeweled hands,

A golden circlet graced her brow serene.

I like to think she dwelt beside the Nile
And played a lute beneath a golden moon
The hours of love more sweetly to beguile,
Or voiced to her beloved a lyric croon.

O, well, within my house she has the best
And wears fine furs as soft as eastern silk

Instead of golden plate, her saucered milk

Suffices in this life for my rare guest.

So here I sit and smoke my pipe and dream
And listen to her soft contented purr.

Why do I give her house? Well, it would seem

That she is fond of me and I of her.

Nothing will so quickly refine and enoble the character of the child as the spirit of kindness, justice, and compassion awakened toward helpless animal life. Experience has demonstrated this a thousand times.

DR. ROWLEY

A Treasure of God

OWEN R. WASHBURN

HERE is a story from Poland which was told to a friend of mine by a Polish girl.

A peasant lost his wife by death. He was very bitter, denying the goodness of God. So he refused to go to church or to have anything to do with his neighbors. One night he dreamed an angel came to him and said: "The great stone post at the gate to your meadow has fallen down. Under it is a great treasure, valued even by God himself."

The peasant awoke. It was dawn. He dressed quickly and ran all the way to the meadow gate. There, in truth, the great stone post had fallen. Eagerly he dug under it and found a nest of tiny mice, new born. Nothing else!

So he was more bitter against God than before, for, he thought: "God has sent an angel to lie to me in my despair."

That night he dreamed again and the angel returned to him in the dream. So he reproached the angel for deceiving him in his sorrow. But the angel replied, "You found the nest of tiny mice safe and warm though a great stone had fallen above them. God loves those tiny creatures and cares for them, whether they be fortunate or not and whether they live or die. He cares for them. They are of His treasure and He loves all created things. If then those mice, new born, who know so little and live but such a short time, are dear to Him, how much more is your wife His treasure and how much more dear are you to Him! And if He cares for even the mice how much more, in life or death, does He care for you and your wife, and how much more does He do that which is wise, though you, like the mice He loves and cares for, know it not!"

That day the peasant forsook his despair and again lived rightly in the world.

Gandhi and the Cat

An interesting episode in Mahatma Gandhi's visit to England has been published in the *Manchester Guardian*:

Mr. Lloyd George said it was a good-looking cat but a complete stranger at Court. It forced its way into the house on several days and was duly driven out. Always it returned. And then Mr. Gandhi came.

"He sat just where you are now," observed Mr. Lloyd George, pointing, "and then, if you will believe me, that cat came in through the window (pointing again), leaped on Mr. Gandhi's knee, curled up in his lap, and remained there until Mr. Gandhi rose to go. Mr. Gandhi left. So did the cat. We have never seen it since. Extraordinary, don't you think?"

Mr. Lloyd George would no doubt have gone deeper into what he seemed to regard as the occult side of this episode, if several photographers had not turned up from London begging that he should allow them to "shoot" him.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Bedtime

MABEL C. FULLER

CHATTER, busy blackbirds,
Gather all the clan.
Range yourselves upon the wires
And the neighbors scan;
Day is nearly ended,
Time to go to bed,
Still you croak and flutter,
So much to be said.

Pine tree's in the same place
As the night before,
Beds are there in plenty,
Upper berths and lower;
Leaving for the country?
You will need your sleep;
Come, now, glossy blackbirds,
For your news will keep.

Taming Humming-birds to Be Pets

BERNARD L. KOBEL

NOT many people think it possible to tame humming-birds to become pets. However, Ralph J. Ayer, of Eastonville, Colorado, has trained several of these small feathered friends to be so tame that they will light all about him and will sip syrup from a small bottle held in his hands or between his lips.



There were several of them about his home, back in 1928, and he decided to make pets of them. He procured small bottles and filled them with weakened honey and put them among the flowers. The humming-birds were wise, or cautious, and evaded eating from them until one day Mr. Ayer thought of tying artificial flowers over the mouth of the bottle. This had the desired effect, as the birds sipped from them, but as this was several yards from the house grad-

ually the bottles were moved nearer the house for better observation. Finally, they were placed on the windows and it got to the point that the small feathered friends would sip the nectar from the bottles, then wipe their bills against the window-pane while the Ayer family watched from inside the window.

For the past two years the humming-birds have returned and have been very tame, which leads to the belief that the same birds have returned for three previous years. It goes to show that almost any bird or animal can be tamed. The writer of this article once "raised" a pet, freak fishworm. Anything, no matter what, will respond to kindness.



Making Friends with the Waxwings

LORENE PEARSON

WHEN birds have reason to trust human beings they respond in the most gratifying friendliness.

Dr. Otto McCreary of Laramie, Wyoming, has been a bird lover for years, studying their habits and striking up an acquaintance when he could. Last winter, in January, he noticed a few Bohemian waxwings eating berries from a buckthorn bush. They seldom stay very long in one place and are berry eaters in the winter. Wishing to make friends with these wanderers, Dr. McCreary put a few raisins under the bush. The waxwings tried the raisins and found them satisfactory. Every few hours he would come out with a bag of raisins and soon the waxwings recognized him and his bag and came flocking down to the feeding-grounds. They seemed to tell their friends by some method of communication because the numbers increased to six hundred. The greatest number Dr. McCreary has ever seen in one bunch previous to this experiment, in Wyoming, was twenty. They became so tame that he finally got some of the little fellows to eat out of his hand. When it was time for them to go back north the number decreased daily.

Birds of this family do not seem to come very far south, but they may be identified quite easily. The plumage is very sleek and olive colored, the head is crested, and the tips of the tail feathers are bright yellow. They have a continual little lisping song that seems to serve to keep them all together. It is most exciting to have a whole flock of them descend very near you, all at once it seems, for they usually take wing in a body.

Static

EVA SMITH TURNER

My kitty makes a funny sound
When I take her to ride.
I wonder if she really has
A radio inside?
I found her yesterday upstairs
In Granny's tidy attic
And when I tried to bring her down
I'm sure I heard some static.
It's hard for me to quite decide
With all the street car's din
But when I get her where it's still
I'm going to listen in.

Humane Education in Sunday-school

OWEN R. WASHBURN

Pastor, Congregational Church, Orford, N. H.

CHILDREN are always interested in animal life. Sunday-school superintendents can use this fact to increase attendance and interest, if they combine it rightly with the sporting instinct.

In the Sunday-school of the church of which I am the minister attendance fell off last summer. In looking about for a remedy I remembered that children invariably, from the hour of birth, associate love with giving; the attempt to make children realize that they are regarded with affection and wanted in Sunday-school, when that attempt fails, is usually ineffective because of this instinctive feeling that love gives something material. We therefore use the following system: Each week each class receives for use on the following Sunday, a written question which is read to the children and the question impressed upon their minds. The following Sunday each pupil is asked to make an answer to that question. The pupil making the best answer receives, then and there, a prize of ten cents. The Superintendent is the judge but she usually asks the opinions of the class, of other pupils in the whole school, or of older people present, before deciding. In cases where a decision between two answers is very difficult two children receive a dime instead of one. Pupils who have received a prize the previous Sunday are allowed to answer but are excluded from the number of those who may win a prize at that time.

The quality of the questions is, of course, an important part of the plan and the questions need to be wisely selected. Some of those in which pupils in Sunday-school here have been most interested have been such as these: "If you found a striped snake what would you do?" "If you found a small rabbit, old enough to eat and care for itself but so small that you could catch it, what would you do with it?" "What ought a boy to do when he finds that his mother is cross?" "If you saw a big boy steal a little boy's apple and no one else saw him steal it, what would you do?" "Tell the story of the Good Samaritan." "If a little girl was playing with another little girl who used bad words, what should she do?" "Joseph was sold as a slave: ought he to have done his very best work or only such work as he was forced to do?" "Is it right to throw stones at red squirrels and drive them away?" "Is it right for a boy to knock the blossoms off wild flowers

growing beside his path?" "If you found a place where a chipmunk or red squirrel had stored nuts for the winter, would you have a right to take them?"

The children, eager to win and eager for the prize, give much thought to the problems involved, consult parents, and in the Sunday-school, the questions being asked and discussed before the whole school, arrive at decided opinions such as are most influential as to conduct. Sometimes very old-fashioned superstitions appear; as when one boy said snakes should be killed as they all had the devil inside of them. The resulting discussion made plain that snakes of this kind are very useful in destroying beetles and other enemies of agriculture and that they are harmless. The boy who won the prize as to this question gave the facts and declared that when finding such a snake a boy should "go along and mind his own business."

The money for the prizes is taken from the treasury of the Sunday-school. The attendance, after this system was tried, increased to about double the former averages. Perhaps the education of parents resulting from the system is a more important matter than would at first appear.

The Work-Horse in England

DON YOUNG

NEVER in any country is there shown such love for horses as in England. Each city and community usually has a grassy common in which the tired work-horse may freely enjoy a happy Sunday or holiday. There are times, also, when he is given befitting honors. On Whit Monday, which is looked forward to by the Englishman much the same as we look to our own Fourth of July, many work-horses in Britain are brought out decked with flowers, crocheted caps, polished hoofs, and gilded shoes, and are paraded down main streets to the admiration of the populace.

Each horse wears a number and is judged by competent men as it passes by. Chimney sweeps are there with their ponies, peddlers with their donkeys—all have a chance and the best steeds receive a prize, not a blue ribbon but a brass or nickel medal on which is engraved the honors of the occasion and which the horse may wear attached to his collar to his dying day.

In England the breeding of draft horses has been discouraged by the introduction of motor power, but it is still an important adjunct of general farming. Some think that it is recovering some of the

ground that it lost when mechanical vehicles first came into use, but the extent to which the horse is destined to regain his old position in road and street work is still uncertain. While motor power has encroached upon his position on the farm, the machine is used to supplement rather than to displace the horse.

Shire, Suffolk, and Clydesdale are the most widely used breeds in England. The societies that were formed for improving the type of horse in more prosperous days still remain active. The Shire retains its place as the favorite breed, while the Suffolk Punch more than holds its own. The Clydesdale was recently shown in great numbers at Glasgow, and as a draft-horse has no equal in style or action. This horse is greatly preferred in many cities where large numbers of horses are still used on the streets.

The long white hair around the fetlocks of the Clydesdale has never been popular in America because of the difficulty in keeping the legs and feet free from mud and snow, but for work on the pavement this is not a handicap. Some enthusiasts even say it is a great protection.

Song Birds

BLOSSOM BENNETT

*Alone, upon my lawn I sit
And watch the birds that blithely fit
Across the sun-flecked grass;
Bright cardinals dart from the tree,
A meadow lark sings just for me,
And screaming blue jays pass.*

*Within a palace garden wall,
The whip-poor-wills and thrushes call
Where kings may hear;
And near a shanty, rude and gray,
A robin sings at break of day
His carols sweet and clear.*

*I'm glad the birds are free to fly
Unfettered 'neath the azure sky,
And sing their joy and praise;
So all of high or low degree,
Who love the songster's melody,
Can hear their cheerful lays.*

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I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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